| **Title** | An ode of verses on the much-lamented death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield ... who departed this life ... on the thirtieth of September, 1770 ... / compos'd in America by a negro girl seventeen years of age, and sent over to a gentleman of character in |
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AN ODE OF VERSES

On the much-lamented Death of the

Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon;

Who departed this Life, at Newberry near Boston in New England, on the Thirtieth of September, 1770, in the Fifty-seventh Year of his Age.

Compos'd in America by a Negro Girl Seventeen Years of Age, and sent over to a Gentleman of Character in London.

HAIL, Happy Saint, on thy Immortal Throne!
To thee Complaints of Grievance are unknown.
We hear no more the Music of thy Tongue,
Thy wond'rous Auditories cease to throng.
 Thy Lament in unequalled Accents flow'd,
While Emulation in each Bosphorus glide.
Thou didst, in Strains of Eloquence refine'd,
Infame the Soul, and captivate the Mind.
Unhappy we thy setting Sun deplore,
Which once was splendid, but it shines no more.
He leaves the Earth for Heaven's unfeatur'd Height,
And Worlds unknown receive him out of Sight.
There Whitefield wings with rapid Course his Way,
And falls to Zion's vest Sea's of Day.
When his Americans were burden'd sore,
When Streets were crimson'd with their guilty Gore,
Wond'rous Compassion in his Breast it show'd,
The Fruit thereof was Charity and Love.
Towards America what could he more!
Than leave his native Home, the British Shore,
To cross the Great Atlantic warry Road,
To see New England's much-difficult Abode.
Thy Prayers, great Saint, and thy incessant Cries,
Have often pierc'd the Bofon of the Skies.
Thou, Moni, hast been, and thou, bright Star of Light,
Hast Witsch of his Requests by Night.

He pray'd for Grace in ev'ry Heart to dwell,
He long'd to see America excel.
He charg'd its Youth to let the Grace Divine
Arise, and in their future Actions shine.
He offer'd that he did himself receive
A greater Gift, not God Himself could give.
He urg'd the Need of Him to ev'ry one
It was no less than God's co-equal Son.
Take him, ye Wretched, for your only Good!
Take him, ye hungry Souls, to be your Food;
Take him, ye Thirsty, for your cooling Stream;
Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful Theme;
Take him, ye dear Americans, he said,
Be your Complaints in his kind Boston laid;
Take him, ye afflicted, he longs for you,
Impartial Saviour is his Title due.
If you will walk in Grace's heavenly Road,
He'll make you free, and Kings, and Priests to God.
No more can he exult his Lab'ring Breath;
Seal'd by the cruel Murtherer of Death.
What can his dear America return,
But drop a Tear upon his happy Urn.
Thou, Tomb, that safe retain thy sacred Tryst,
Till Life Divine resume his Duit.

Our Whitefield the Haven he gain'd
Outifying the Tempest and Wind;
His Reft he has forever obtain'd,
And left his Companions behind.

With Songs let us follow his Flight,
And mount with his Spirit above;
Erect'd to the Mourners of Light,
And lodg'd in the Light of Love.

The CONCLUSION.

May Whitefield's Virtues flourish with his Fame,
And Ages yet unborn record his Name.
All Praise and Glory be to God on High,
Whose dread Command is, That we all must die.
To live to Life eternal, may we emulate
The worthy Man that's gone, Our true Guide.

Printed and sold for the Benefit of a poor Family burnt out a few Weeks since near Swindon Church, that lost all they possessed, having nothing left.

Price a Penny apiece, or 5 is a Hundred to sell in that pill them eggs.